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Poems



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# FASHION,

A P O E M

DELIVERED BEFORE THE SEVENTEENTH CONVENTION

OF THE

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON FRATERNITY,

HELD AT NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1863 ;

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

ARTHUR MALACHI LEE.

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RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

**Delia Conklin**

BY THE

**AUTHOR.**



## C O N T E N T S. -

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	PAGE
Fashion .....	5
Love and Gold .....	35
Atalanta .....	42
The Miller's Daughter.....	46
A Memory.....	51



# P O E M S.



## F A S H I O N.



### I.

Your ear to-night  
My Lady bright,  
And yours my gay gallant,  
The while I sing, in humble strain,  
Of that proud King, for whose domain  
Your gentle bosoms pant!

## II.

Though, once before, nor long ago,  
I sang the song of Fashion and show,  
Yet, as again they 've dubbed me "Poet",  
    On the self-same road,  
    With the self-same goad,  
A second time (d. v.) I'll go it.

## III.

O Muse look down!  
Nay, never frown  
Because you have to bend so low,  
But 'stoop to conquer', like her in the play,  
And win me praise, with—thanks for your pay,  
    By gracing the strain  
    I sound again  
Of frivolous Folly's farcical flow!

## IV.

I know they say  
'T will seldom pay,  
As Milton long before me found,  
This ringing twice the very self-same,  
For repetitions are horribly tame,

Changes of rhyme,  
Conceits, and time,  
Chasing your shadow round and round.  
But 'whom great Jove  
Who nods above,  
And all His fellow He's and She's,  
Playing on mortals a wretched jest,  
Wish to destroy'—you know the rest,  
Or we 'll think you do,  
Though it shouldn't be true,  
And thus your scholarly vanity please.  
So I drive my horse,  
Though it prove a loss,  
On the same race-course,  
The "Fashion", perhaps you know it;  
And if Pegasus stumble and go rather lame,  
And you think his performance decidedly tame,  
Showing a worse pace  
Than in his first race,  
And you lose the "spons" you 've rashly bet,  
Don't blame the driver, and get in a pet,  
For the fault 's your own,  
As you should have known  
Better than to choose  
(Trusting he 'd refuse?)  
A one-idea-ed "Poet".

## V.

Great Fashion is owned  
Le roi du monde.  
That last is French, en passant I 'd say,  
And I put it there that you might be proud  
Of having a "pote"  
Who could really quote,  
And that, (don't start!) and that aloud  
The silvery tones  
Of the land that owns  
The 'Nephew of his Uncle's' sway.

## VI.

O'er a wide domain  
Extends the reign  
Of this Lord  
Of gaud.  
From the golden gates of the morn  
To the dusky bars of night,  
From the snow-shrouded poles forlorn  
To the sun-robed tropics bright  
His will holds sway.  
And over land and deep,  
With a very victor-sweep,  
Streaming away



'Like the new-born day,  
 Proudly and freely, His banner fair,  
 On the heaving breast of the wooing air,  
     With many a fold  
     Of crimson and gold,  
 Floats now as it floated of old.

## VII.

That His Majesty's sway is wide  
 Can't really well be denied.  
 Does not the ancient saying read  
 'As well be out of the world indeed  
     As out of the Fashion?'  
     And he 'd be a rash 'un  
 Who 'd neglect its warning voice to heed.  
     Dare question its truth,  
     And you 'll find no ruth,  
     For le monde le dit,  
     So it surely can't be  
 With error at all allied.

## VIII.

And the will of our Potentate  
     Is changeable too  
     As chameleon's hue;

Or, a better simile to try,  
As are the whims of a spirited maid  
In the interesse termini  
    (This last is Law Latin  
    But it glided so pat in  
That I couldn't resist the chance to display  
How in Law and in Latin your "Poet" 's au fait)  
    That stands between,  
    Like a penance I ween,  
The murmur soft of the trembling "Yes!"  
    That the lover's pulses stirs,  
As a vision of home and happiness  
    The weary wanderer's,  
    When first he breathes his love  
    To her and the stars above,  
And the final "Yes!" at the altar said,  
    That will bless or blast—  
    And which, is a cast  
    At a costly price  
    Of Fortune's dice—  
All of his life that is not past.  
But where 's my rhyme for 'Potentate'  
    In the first line of the verse?  
I forgot it till now, and now it 's so late,  
We 'll skip it so we 'll not have to wait,  
    For I wish to be very terse.

Perhaps you smile,  
Because just now  
I took a long while  
To tell you how

King Fashion 's a monarch of changing will;  
And whisper that, if I wish to be brief,  
I 'd better begin, and "take in a reef"

As they do at sea in a gale.

But your simile 's poor

For on a lee-shore

They always crowd on more sail.

The next time my critics I think you 'll keep still,

For, as I speak for both,

And to win am not loth,

Your road will, as this time, be always up hill.

## IX.

By Jove

Such pranks our monarch plays

On the devotees

Who bend their knees

At His shrine

Divine,

And offer their prayer and praise,

For He is Ruler and Priest combined

And absolutely sways  
The Heart and Soul, the Body and Mind  
That, upon my word of honor,  
To a mere "looker on in Vienna",  
It seems as though  
He tried to show  
How far He could  
Have the hardihood  
To rove  
In His false and frivolous ways.

## X.

But I fear you 've found  
I 've "run in the ground"  
This olla podrida of home-spun metre,  
Than Moore's not sweeter, than Pope's not neater.  
And, though you seem pleased at the way I sing,  
I know you wish some change I 'd ring.  
Now, while it 's rather hard to show,  
In these fine days of Chase and Co.,  
When paper-money 's all the go,  
A bit of ringing change you know,  
Still, you command and point the way,  
Hand, head, and heart shall you obey.  
And the very next verse,  
Like a well filled purse

In the specie-ous days of old  
    (Which really seem,  
    Though it may be a dream,  
To me a deal more true  
Than now-a-days, for we knew  
Sight and sound of silver and gold ;  
Ay! and of better things far than these  
Which may not be whispered now e'en to the trees,  
Or softly sighed to the evening breeze,  
Or lisped to the wave that breaks on the strand  
Of what was erst fair Freedom's land,  
Or murmured low to the hours that roll  
In solemn sadness o'er the soul,  
Or joyfully sung to the moments that fly  
On mirth-laden wings to their homes in the sky—  
    Which must rest unsought  
    In Memory's cave,  
    These spoils, blood-bought,  
    Of the good and the brave—  
These jewels of truth that our fathers won  
At the point of the sword and the mouth of the gun—  
This Freedom of Speech and Freedom of Pen  
And all the Free Rights that belong to Free Men—  
Lest remembrance of what was our birthright impel  
To a loathing more scornful, a hatred more fell  
Of the tricksters—but stop! Lafayette frowns bold,  
And Warren has room for more in its hold.

O! burning shame and satire strong,  
That names so high amid the throng  
Of those who struck for Liberty  
Should symbol now base Tyranny.

But we 'll rescue our land from the spell,  
Alas! Alas! and Alas!

That ever upon us it fell,

And restore,

Once more,

The "Union as it was."

For then was a 'Union of Lakes and of Lands,  
A Union of Hearts and a Union of Hands.'

And fruitful Toil and smiling Peace

Yield double joy and rich increase

To Freedom's fair and friendly home

Where springs in pride her mighty dome

'Neath whose wide arch a glad host sings

"Hosanna! to the King of Kings

Who through the fire of manly strife

Hath brought a Nation into life,

And given them till time shall dim

Freedom to love and worship Him!"

Long ages pass, and grandly there

Floats Freedom's starry ensign fair;

And millions joy to see it fly

In triumph high 'neath every sky.

And tyrants tremble, and their slaves

Break off their chains, or find their graves,  
To win from Liberty's fair hand  
A sister-banner for their land.  
Bright breaks each morn, fair smiles each day  
And gladly on her pleasant way  
Swift sails the gallant Ship of State  
With hope, and pride, and joy elate,  
Freedom her pilot, and the crew  
All seeming honest, brave, and true.  
For then was no demoniac hate  
Between a State and Sister-State;  
No cruel taunt, no gibe, no jeer  
To soil the lip or wound the ear.  
And then was no rebellion's stain  
That only blood may cleanse again;  
    Or purest love  
    From God above  
    In mercy to us given  
    Rejoining bonds now riven  
Till South and North, again as one,  
Still form the land of Washington.  
While parted friends and hearts grown cold  
    Shall loving meet  
    In concord sweet  
    As they met and loved of old.  
One thing we have for which to raise  
Our voice to God in grateful praise.

A blessed light  
That glorious beams  
On us to-day,  
And half redeems  
The radiance bright  
Now past away !

'T is that no more our fetters bind  
A portion of the human kind ;  
That in this land of liberty  
There be no longer bond and free,  
But Freemen all, the black, the white,  
Not different in our Father's sight.

Fashions change with the age,  
Each year has its rage  
And mayhap the last is the best,  
But to me 't will still seem,  
Though it may be a dream,  
That our Fathers than we were more blest.)

Mais, revenons

A nos moutons,

The very next verse, and a number more,  
As I remarked some time before,  
When I paused the ancient days to deplore,  
Like a well filled purse, since I must ring  
Some change if I would longer sing,

Shall sound a dolor-ous strain,  
Till you bid me stop, and seek a new track,



And come, like Rudolf in "Leah", back  
To my early love again.

## XI.

'T is sad that the Fashion of living  
Is to fritter our life away  
In a poor and painful striving  
For the pleasures of a day.

In a low degrading worship,  
To bend to the puerile sway  
Of the false Gods of the worldling  
At their shrines of gilded clay.

To wear the shining fetters,  
Forgetting the iron beneath,  
As though a thorn were less one  
When hid in a rosy wreath.

To drain the cup of Pleasure  
Again, and yet again,  
Till its deadly dregs of poison  
Shall harden heart and brain.

To seek, in the hollow praises  
Of the sons and daughters of earth,  
Life's chiefest good and glory,  
Life's only weal and worth.

To loiter like idle children,  
As we pass along life's path,  
Though the day will soon be over,  
And swift comes the night of wrath.

Or, like him whose warning story  
We read in sacred lore,  
Give up for a mess of pottage  
Cur birthright evermore.

Or repeat the ancient fable  
Of her who ran so well,  
But stooped for the golden bauble,  
And a prize to the spoiler fell.

To live as though the present  
Were the only life to be,  
When, far beyond Time's portals,  
Spreads out Eternity.

## XII.

Eut stop! I 'm growing solemn now,  
And that will never do.  
So give the glass another turn  
And take a different view.

I had a dream the other night  
When every thing was still ;  
I dreamt—I saw a numerous band,  
All climbing Fashion's hill ;  
And at their head a handsome youth  
And maiden passed along,  
Fair types of all the various souls  
Who marched amid the throng.

---

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As Maid and Youth right onward passed,  
And to their care a scroll was given  
Which bore these golden letters seven,  
“Fashion!”

The air was chill with falling snow,  
But thinly clad they onward go.  
‘Why nature’s laws they thus defied’,  
I asked, and both at once replied,  
“Fashion!”

He walked as might a crippled man.  
Her waist your hands could more than span.  
I spoke of classic grace and strength,  
“Both good,” they said, “but not”, at length,  
“Fashion!”

In many homes they saw content  
And real joy and merriment;  
And seemed they oft to wish to pause,  
But turned away, and gave, as cause,  
“Fashion!”

“Pause in your way”, an old man said,  
“It leads to what ye well may dread.”  
They paused a moment on the track,  
Then, pushing on, cried, wildly back,  
“Fashion!”

Between his lips like some bright star  
Gleamed through the smoke-clouds a cigar.  
Pale, sick, he grew, but still he smoked;  
My questioning looks reply provoked,  
“Fashion!”

The social glass was in his hand;  
He staggered, reeled, could hardly stand,  
But as he met m' inquiring eye,  
He hiccoughed out this strange reply,  
“Fashion!”

And she, the beautiful, the fair,  
The young, the gay, the debonnaire,  
All her bright gifts and charms divine  
Had laid upon that falsest shrine,  
Fashion!

In careless ease and heedless joy  
She played with life as some bright toy;  
Nor ever thought, or cared to own,  
That Death must at the last dethrone  
Fashion!

But still He did; swift sped the race,  
And at the goal His chill embrace.  
While snatched He from their hands of ice  
That mystic scroll with strange device—  
“Fashion!”

## XIII.

There 's a Fashion of Life that 's somewhat strange,  
But we may see it wherever we range.  
His soul by discontent possess'd  
Man never is, but to be blest.  
And so, the good that lies at hand,  
He scorns, and roams throughout the land,  
'Mid sorrow and trouble, defeat and pain  
Seeking some distant good to gain.

---

It was a witching summer's night.  
The Day's dead heat had passed,  
And, with the Hours, at last,

Her robe with starry gems bedight,  
Fair Evening came with gentle light,  
While just within the window-bar

A rival star,

And nearer far,

She sat and talked on pleasant themes,  
Life's frolic fancies, roseate dreams.

In joyous converse thus went by

The Hours in hurried flight,

While, far into the night,

I sat beneath that star-gemmed sky

And fondly gazed, no, not on high,

But just within the window-bar,

Where, nearer far,

A rival star

To those that gleam so far away,

She sat a gleam of heav'n astray.

The stars above had gone to rest,

For darkness veiled the sky,

And winds were raging high.

But, till the sun lit up the West

I leaned upon that gentle breast,

As, just within the window-bar,

A rival star,

And brighter far,

She sat, a dream of light and love,  
More pure and true than the stars above.

'T is best, the teaching was most plain,  
    To pluck the flow'rs that grow  
    Close on our path below ;  
Nor lose the good we may obtain,  
In striving distant good to gain.  
But look within our window-bar,  
    Where nearer far,  
    A rival star  
Will give its light our life to grace,  
If but that light we will embrace.

Then let us rear life's changing bow'r  
    In th' pure and steady light  
    Of the lesson of that night.  
Content with joys that round us show'r.  
So we shall learn to bless the hour  
When just within the window-bar,  
    A rival star,  
    And fairer far,  
She sat and talked on pleasant themes  
Life's frolic fancies, roseate dreams

## XIV.

'T is a strange, wild thing, this Life of ours,  
With its fleeting years and its lingering hours ;  
Its quiet pulse, its feverish thrill,  
Its warp of good, and its woof of ill ;  
Its weal and its woe, its love and its hate,  
Its labors that weary, its pleasures that sate.  
In the bloom of Youth, and the flush of Pride,  
Swiftly across Life's sea we glide ;  
To-day we ride on the top-most wave,  
To-morrow we sink in a yawning grave.  
Life crowns with garlands our cup of joy,  
Life mingles its gold with base alloy.  
Nor Pleasure, nor Wealth, nor Love, nor Fame,  
Will e'er on Earth remain the same.

'T is change and chance

Where'er we glance,

'T is chance and change

Where'er we range.

Some sunny ray

Gilds the darkest day,

And Light

For Night

E'er paves the way.

But 'neath the changing flow

Of the surface of Life's stream,



Where the false lights flare and gleam,  
Is the constant undertow

Of unchanging Death.

Yet, out of breath,  
Life's fitful race we run

As 't were the only one  
When, beyond the setting sun,

In the West,

Brightest, best,

Glow the regions of the blest.

But 't is Fashion who commands,

So, with heart, and head, and hands,

'Seek we ever,

Pausing never

In our strange and wild and vain pursuit,  
Life's Mirage-Fountains and Dead-Sea-Fruit.

## XV.

Pleasure woos the heart of Youth.

With joyous step, and beaming eye,  
And dance, and song, and minstrelsy.

With flash of wine,

And smile that seems

As it sunnily beams

From its lovely shrine,

Almost divine,

Pleasure vows her love is truth.

He listens, he loves, he yields to the spell,  
    He follows the siren call,  
And falls as Eve in Eden fell,  
    For the poorest lure  
    Of Life, be sure,  
Though Fashion vow and declare  
'T is Life's great good and care.  
Is Pleasure's pitiful thrall.

## XVI.

Wealth's golden smile will often woo  
The heart of Youth and win it too.  
    But poor will seem,  
    Though Fashion smile,  
    And praise the while,  
    The yellow gleam  
    Of the hoarded pile,  
When the heart is drear with age and fear,  
And draweth near the pall and bier.

## XVII.

But one I see whose fiery soul  
Seeks higher walks, a nobler rôle.  
Upon whose ear unnoticed fall  
The low, sweet notes of Pleasure's call.

By whom the luring ring of Gold  
Is heeded as—a tale twice told.  
But Fashion, ruler in each mood,  
‘Though baffled oft yet ne’er withstood’,  
Sounds loud the call of earthly Fame  
And high his heart beats for a Name.  
For this he barter’s joy and peace,  
For this his toils and pains increase;  
For this he wearies heart and brain,  
And checked, defeated, strives again,  
That round his brow (at ninety-nine!)  
Laurel or Cypress leaves may twine.  
What if the Laurel wreath be won,  
And Victory crown the race we run!  
If Death, who soon will still the heart  
That bore so well its earthly part,  
Do not with amaranthine crown,  
Replace the wreath we must lay down,  
How poor, how brief reward we gain  
For all our toil and all our pain!  
But, if He do, then have ye won  
A wreath, bright, glorious, as the sun,  
And fadeless as the flow’rs that bloom  
Away from earth beyond the tomb.

---

I knew a brave and gallant youth,  
The soul of honor and of truth.

Upon his brow sat Genius throned,  
And all His lofty presence owned.  
In Learning's halls he proudly bore  
Each honor as his own, and wore  
His trophies with so meet a grace  
That none might envy him their place.  
For fairly won, and fairly worn,  
They seemed to deck a conqueror born.  
The sound of War rang through the North  
And brave hearts to the fray went forth;  
And he with them to do his part,  
This noble, generous, trusty heart.  
My prayers went with him; others too  
Prayed God for this bold heart and true.  
For souls so good, and wise, and proud,  
Are missed from out the common crowd  
Of men who dream their life away  
As 't were an idle summer's day.  
On War's red field right gallantly  
He seized the star of victory.  
    With eye of light,  
    And arm of might,  
And heart as true and tried as steel,  
    A gallant knight,  
    He breasts the fight,  
Till back the beaten foemen reel.

And praises far and near were rung  
As quick from rank to rank he sprung.  
But God still takes to His own heart  
With whom we least can bear to part.  
Heaven's loved die young, and so at last  
A sudden shot, and—all was past.  
Life's fitful fever o'er, he sleeps.  
On Earth no more reward he reaps.  
Pray God a crown of glory waits  
Brave ELLIOTT at the heavenly gates!

## XVIII.

But some hearts Wealth and Pleasure spurn,  
Nor at the thought of Fame will burn.  
What Fashion of earth shall win such soul  
And bind it fast in its strong control?  
'T is Love! of all earth's lures the best,  
That bends such hearts to its behest;  
And sways their life with a ruling strong,  
Sometimes for right, sometimes for wrong.  
And Love is the truest and fairest of all,  
Pleasure, or Wealth, or Glory's thrall.  
Yet Love sometimes is false as fair,  
And hearts have oft times no place there.  
Both hearts and hands are bought and sold,  
Like stocks in market, for so much gold.

O! pity the husband, and pity the wife,  
Who needs must live so false a life.  
For the day will come, when the heart would greet  
With joy one whom it may not meet.

---

And earthly Love, when true and pure,  
Hath rocks to wreck, false lights to lure.  
We love in the fullness of hope and pride,  
And to-morrow grim Death has taken a bride.  
Hearts that for years together ranged  
'A single light word hath estranged'.  
And the Demon of Self doth mantle it all,  
From its cradle-couch to its funeral pall.

---

There is a Love so kind, so pure, so true,  
That more of Heav'n than Earth doth it imbue.  
Not oft in Fashion's halls hath it a place,  
For there 't would hardly be esteemed a grace.  
But in some humble home, where, worn with care,  
A Mother sits and toils—its shrine is there.  
Where for some wayward, reckless, heedless child  
A Mother's heart has bled, her lips have smiled.  
A Mother's Love!

Would that my muse might sing,  
In sweetest changes tuneful verse may ring,  
A Mother's Love!

A theme that might inspire

The dullard's brain with God-like Homer's fire ;  
Fill his poor heart with hopeful visions fair  
As Hope herself, and feelings rich and rare  
As that same Love—naught else may hold compare—  
Teach his rude fingers wake the spirits lyre  
To strains that, upward mounting from the mire  
Of Life's sad strife, and sadder striving throng,  
Join Heaven and Earth in one exultant song ;  
And touch, as Israel's leader erst the mount  
Till from its rock-cell burst the grateful fount,  
His soul's dark gloom till from that gloom should glow,  
More fair, more pure, than oft the Earth may know,  
A living light to guide his weary bark  
Through gloomy days and nights with tempests dark,  
While cheeks grow pale, and hearts all hope give o'er!  
On! On through Life till Earth holds sway no more,  
Right on through Death to the Eternal Shore!

But the purest things of Earth below  
Have a taint of sin, and a touch of woe.  
And a Mother's Love, pure, kind, and true,  
Hath sometimes the trail of the serpent too.

## XIX.

Glancing light  
Glitters bright

Through a noble hall.  
Flying feet,  
Music sweet,  
Weave a pleasant thrall.

Fashion fair  
Lingers there,  
All is bright and gay.  
Beauty's glance,  
Merry dance,  
Charm the night away.

Manhood's form,  
Bosoms warm,  
Joyous gather there.  
Pleasure's soul,  
Mirth's control,  
Quickly banish care.

Freezing stare  
Greet you there  
If you 're poor and low.  
Fashion rules,  
Gilded fools  
There the brightest show

Hollow hearts  
Play their parts  
In this worldly school.



Noble souls  
Fear controls,  
Makes of Man a fool.

Fashion strong  
Every wrong  
You inflict below,  
You 'll atone  
At God's throne—  
Right demands it so.

Shun the nets,  
Fashion sets  
Man's high soul to snare.  
Folly's strife!  
Noble life!  
Which more bright and fair!

## XX.

And now of Life we 've sailed the streams  
Where Fashion's sun in glory beams;  
And some where but a single ray  
Shone forth to greet the dawning day.  
The siren spell! The warning too!  
Choose which ye will, the false or true!  
Does Fashion's passionate strife gleam fair?  
O! be not blinded by glitter and glare!

Remember the truest life of Man  
Is to do the most, the best he can.  
Not droop! Not heed the hollow show  
Of seeming joy, but real woe!  
But work, and strive, and watch and pray,  
And do each duty every day!  
Then He, who sits enthroned above  
Will crown your Patience with His Love!

## XXI.

Good Night, good Night,  
My Lady bright,  
And you, my gay gallant!  
No more I 'll sing, in humble strain,  
Of that proud King, for whose domain  
Your gentle bosoms pant!

## LOVE AND GOLD.

---

In the sunny spring of life, in the golden time of youth,  
Met I first my only Love loved with boyhood's artless truth.

She was richer far than I, so my Pride would Love assail,  
And the Flame of Love was made oft, by gusts of Pride  
to fail.

Still we met on equal ground, she, the maiden, I, the boy,  
And awhile her hands, for me, oped the pearly gates of Joy.

I remember, as if now, that fair eve when first we met,  
And how all my being bent to the Love that lingers yet.

Like a very angel form moved she on that fateful night,  
And her eyes, like sister stars, shone twin diamonds of  
light.

I know not if then she knew how the current of my Life  
With the ice of Poverty waged a never-ending strife.

But she smiled on me so sweet, not like Empress from  
her throne,  
But like maid on lover leal, that she made me all her own.

All her own through woe and weal, all her own till Life's  
last breath  
Breathe her name, Love's talisman, in the very front of  
Death.

For my soul went out to her with a fierce and strong  
excess,  
Seldom man may know, but known or to blast him or to  
bless.

With her winning grace she wove, round my heart, her  
meshes fair  
Till I lived but in her Love, but a very God dwelt there.

Sadsome fate that earthly bliss should the brightest ever  
seem,  
Like the sun at eventide, as it casts its parting gleam.

The kind note that first she sent ! I am looking on it now,  
But the flush of hope it brought long has faded from my  
brow.



But one Life hath only room for one Love, be hearts like  
mine,  
And, though cast away, that Love ne'er deserts its early  
shrine.

Days and months and years roll by—Wealth and Station  
intervene,  
And the maiden, passing on, seldom by the boy is seen  
Still to his rapt being fails not a note in Mem'ry's chime,  
And his boyish Love still glows warm as in the olden  
time.

While the maiden's life, full fraught with the joyance of  
to-day,  
Seldom backward casts a thought to the joys now past  
away.

Other scenes and hopes are hers, other loves her life  
employ,  
And the woman scarce recalls how the girl led on the boy.

Blithely speeds her ev'ry day, toils he on in ceaseless strife,  
Loyal yet the manly heart, but—she is another's wife.

On the crowded pave I walk, in her carriage rolls she by,  
And she bends her haughty head, but no glad smile lights  
her eye.

Yet some times a softer glance, when she deems herself  
unseen,  
Tells my presence still reminds of the Love that might  
have been.

And more oft the look of scorn, on the husband by her  
side,  
Speaks the loathing of the soul, that she scarcely cares  
to hide.

Unto him that, with his Gold, the sole prize of life, I  
sought  
With the wealth of my young heart, should be basely  
sold and bought—

Unto him my Hate sprang out like the sword of warrior  
bold,  
Ne'er to know its sheath again till the tale of Death be told.

And that Hate finds ever food, in the shrinking of her  
form,  
As the old man's chilly lips press his darling's lips so  
warm—

In the shudder that will come, as she sees a youthful  
 bride  
 Stand, in loving confidence, a young husband's form  
 beside—

In the tears that will flow forth, as some babe her fond  
  arms press  
To the heart whose mother-love never God with child  
  will bless.—

In her chill indifference, or her lip-thanks false and cold,  
When you try to win a smile with your lavishing of Gold.

Ah! old man you bought a wife, but methinks you  
cheated were!

'T was a woman that was sold, and you have a statue  
there!

And did I not hate thee so, it would even my heart move  
Thus to see thy Gold in vain strive to buy a crumb of  
Love.

Ah, my Hate be thou content! Comes at last thy crown  
of bliss!

Friends have told him my Love-dream, and the old man  
jealous is.

And he bends in woe and shame, as his vaunted life he  
sees,

But a mocking failure stand, and in vain its victories—

All in vain the toil it cost him to heap his ingots high,  
For bright jewels deck the earth that base Gold may  
never buy.



But the woman ! she who burnt, on the altar of her Pride,  
All her Love when Love is all that makes Earth to Heav'n  
allied,

Pity her, for though she stood faithful 'mid a faithless band,  
Still the rose she cast away left its thorn to pierce her hand.

And—be sure all wrong works woe!—presses oft with  
crushing weight,  
Spite the gilded props beneath, all the Iron of her fate.

And the Lover ! he who saw, from a joyous holyday  
To a fearful night of storm, his young life thus speed away,

If within your souls you have aught of Pity give it now ;  
For, 'mid all Earth's heirs of woe, Sorrow's crown rests on  
his brow.

Gold, thou bright and cheating Gold ! Love has cause to  
hate thee well,  
For not oft may Love unharmed 'scape the blighting of  
thy spell.

Love and Gold ! ah, Gold and Love ! met on Earth, and,  
God forgive !  
Hell below and Heav'n above, Gold doth oft the victor  
live !

A T A L A N T A.

---

Lo ! the gladsome sunbeams streaming,  
On the woods and waters gleaming,  
Rose-tipt shafts, from Phoebus' quiver,  
Glancing bright on hill and river,  
Warm the sky above us flushing,  
Soft the earth beneath us blushing,  
Dew-drops gemming fruits and flowers,  
Song-birds thrilling leafy bowers  
With sweet matin-hymns of greeting :  
Faithful morn from heav'n is fleeing  
To the earth and Atalanta !

With her fair cheeks faintly glowing,  
'Mid the perfumed breezes blowing  
Sighs and vows and kisses to her  
As with gentle touch they woo her,  
And her snowy bosom heaving  
'Neath the net the wind is weaving  
Of her locks that loving cluster  
Round her neck in golden lustre,  
And her blue eyes, from their lashes,  
Beaming bright as starlight-flashes,  
Stands the peerless Atalanta!

Proudly stands the lovely maiden,  
While, with budding spring-flow'rs laden,  
Gifts for Atalanta's wearing,  
Comes Hippómenes the daring:  
Comes to woo and win and cherish,  
Or to lose and losing perish.  
Kneeling low, in manly beauty,  
Vows he life and love and duty.  
Vain she warns him; tells the trial:  
Burning love brooks no denial.  
Grants his prayer then Atalanta!

Where the shadow of the mountain  
Softly shades the silver fountain,  
And the tasseled grain is bending  
To the zephyrs heav'n is sending,

Swifter than the eagle's flying,  
Youth and maiden fiercely vying,  
Faster than the arrow's rushing,  
Youth and maiden hotly flushing,  
Speed they onward, onward ever,  
Halting in the mad race never,  
In the race for Atalanta!

Through the yellow sunlight flashing,  
By the foamy waters dashing,  
Laughter from her red lips pealing,  
Sadness o'er his pale brow stealing,  
Boldly she, but he fast failing,  
In her flying footsteps trailing,  
As the shade, the brightness chasing,  
Never meets it in the racing,  
Straining, panting, leaping madly,  
Course they till the goal breaks gladly  
On the sight of Atalanta!

And the maid, with triumph glowing,  
Fleeter to the goal is going,  
When, across her pathway gleaming,  
Than the bright light brighter seeming,  
Like a star 'mid ether falling,  
Rolls a golden spell entralling.  
And, the bauble her ensnaring,  
Caught, like moth by candle-glaring,

Turns she from the victor's blessing,  
And the youth, right onward pressing,  
Wins the race and Atalanta!

Would ye know the mystic reaching  
Of the ancient fable's teaching?  
Learn the lesson sad, it tells us,  
Of the nature that impels us?  
Profit by the warning story,  
Running your life-race for glory?  
Note ye how, in very madness,  
E'en in hour of triumph gladness,  
Given ev'ry good and beauty,  
By a bauble turned from duty,  
Was the human Atalanta!

## THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

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Down by the river, over the hill,  
In the vale beyond there stood a mill.

From early light till the sun was gone,  
Merry the miller ground the corn.

The mill-race ran, in rapid flow,  
Over the stones to the stream below,

With as soft a sound and sweet a tune  
As nightingale sings to silver moon.

The spray-drops clung to the turning wheel,  
Each fond embrace with a kiss to seal.

The grass grew green, the flowers sprang fair,  
The birds sang sweet in the scented air ;

The sun shone forth with a golden light,  
And all was lovely and all was bright.

But fairer than all, and good as fair,  
Was the miller's daughter, Maud Adair.

Whose soft eyes rivaled the ocean's hue  
In their dreamy depth of tender blue ;

The golden sheen of whose auburn hair  
Shamed the glow of the sunset air.

Her voice was song, and Beauty and Grace  
Were the maids that decked her form and face.

On a hill-slope, 'mid an ancient wood,  
Aloft in stately grandeur stood

The Lord of the Manor's castle old,  
Whose turrets glowed with a gleam of gold,

As Day shot forth his Parthian rays  
On the moss-grown pile that met the gaze

As pure and bright as an angel's throne,  
And seemed a poem wrought in stone.

Once as Day fled thus on the sight,  
And Twilight heralded the Night,

A graceful youth, the noble heir  
Of the castle old and acres fair,

Long absent from home came forth to view  
His best-loved haunt when a child he grew ;

A pleasant bower by Nature wrought  
Whose shelter Maud had also sought.

They met, and each the other knew  
As childhood's playmate, kind and true.

Her wondrous beauty, on his eyes  
Flashed like a gleam of Paradise.

Soft words of love he fondly breathed,  
And her snowy brow with garlands wreathed.



The maiden listened and loved and fell  
For 'loving not wisely but too well'.

And pitying angels heaved a sigh  
As a star went out in virtue's sky.

The youth, though loving through good and ill,  
Weakly fled at his father's will.

The maiden drooped and pined away,  
And died with Spring in the sunny May.

Finding in death the sole relief  
From the sorrow sad of shameful grief.

For the world 's a censor harsh and cold,  
And, on broken hearts, a stone 's oft rolled.

Have ye scorned the maid? O scorn the youth  
For the wrong he wrought to love and truth!

Ye pity her? O him pity more!  
The wrong he wrought was a burden sore!

And oft you may see, in twilight gloom,  
The youth kneel low by the maiden's tomb,

And hear him murmur, "Alas that I  
Should drive my loved one thus to die!"

"Dear Maud, Forgive! too late, too late!  
Vainly we war with the hand of Fate!"

And, grieving as only manhood may,  
Wretched he treads life's weary way.

For the saddest woe that life may own  
Is a wrong that life may not atone!

## A M E M O R Y.

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It was an evening fair in June.  
The gentle stars sang all a-tune,  
The air was sweet and cool, the trees  
Just stirring in the zephyr-breeze;  
While from the city's stony street  
Came up no sound of moving feet.

I stood and gazed on all around;  
Bright stars and sky, dark trees and ground.  
When lo! from out a silvery veil,  
As on the sea oft looms a sail,  
Sudden but slow, at evening's noon,  
Shone forth the blithe and winsome moon.

It bathed in beauty stars and sky,  
The trees, the ground, and all things nigh,  
Till Heaven and Earth, in sweet accord,  
Sent up, in praise to God the Lord,  
A voiceless hymn, as grateful Night  
Swept gently Nature's harp of Light.

So, oft in Life, the lesser joy  
But serves as contrast to annoy,  
Till one great gush of happiness  
Will sadness soothe and sorrow bless.

65











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